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LUXURY AND THE FINE ARTS,—IN SOME OF THEIR MORAL AND
HISTORICAL RELATIONS.

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN AID OF THE FUND FOR

BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

13 MAY, 1859.

BY

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

M DCCC LIX.

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DELIVERED AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

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OF WASHINGTON,

ON THE

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Robert C. Winthrop

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Address was first delivered in Baltimore, on the evening of 2d of May, 1859, in aid of the Funds of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. It is here published, by request, as delivered at the Music Hall in Boston, on the 13th of May following, in aid of an object for which it had been previously promised.

On this latter occasion, after a chorus by the "Orpheus Glee Club," which had kindly volunteered for the purpose, the object of the Address was introduced as follows, by the HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, as Chairman of a Committee, appointed by the Artists of Boston, to procure funds for casting in bronze the design of Mr. THOMAS BALL for an Equestrian Statue of Washington :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

I have been requested by the committee who have in charge the erection of Ball's equestrian statue of Washington in the city of Boston, to introduce the subject and the orator of the evening. And remembering that those who read books commonly skip the preface, especially if it be long, in their eagerness to reach the interest of the following volume, I shall apply the warning to the present occasion, and hope to secure your patience for the preparatory word by postponing for a moment only the intellectual banquet for which we are already impatient. I shall therefore perform my whole duty if I but sound the homely note of preparation, and hint at the object to be attained, leaving all the poetry of the theme to the same eloquent lips whose inauguration of other monuments and statues, of marble or imperishable bronze, has likewise adorned the literature of our country with contributions equally beautiful and permanent. [Applause.] Nothing more strikingly indicates the

progress of taste and the maturity of general intelligence, than the interest which is beginning to be exhibited in the multiplication of objects belonging to the department of the Fine Arts. Specimens of these will indeed always be found among the appendages of wealth and luxury ; but they become peculiarly significant, when, obedient to the voice of the people, Art, in her noblest forms, joins hand in hand with History to bear the examples of human greatness down the pathway of time. Viewed in the light of local interest only, it was eminently fitting that the first popular statue erected in Boston should be that of her own native and illustrious son, the Printer-philosopher, Franklin. And perhaps it is equally proper that the second should be that of the great forensic genius of New England, who made this state and city his chosen home, and whose public career is so intimately associated with their social and political history. But viewed even in this light, or in any light, what other name can be mentioned for this honor before his, who, living was declared to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ;" and to whose memory Death gave an immortal consecration of fame and affection. [Applause.]

The merit of initiating the present enterprise belongs to the artists of Boston, who, besides fulfilling the dictates of patriotism, embrace in their purposes a fraternal tribute to the genius and worth of a distinguished member of their own profession. And as it may be concluded that we have fairly reached the period when commemorative art in this country shall be in general requisition, it is also proposed that this statue shall exhibit the resources of our own State in the production of works of its class. The artist is a citizen of Boston ; the statue will be modelled here ; it will also be cast in bronze at some one of the foundries of Massachusetts, and it is expected that abundant funds for defraying its cost will flow from the generosity of our own people. The general supervision of the work has been given to a committee appointed by the artists themselves ; but it is the desire of all concerned therein to secure, as far as practicable, the coöperation of the public in such manner as may be agreeable to the varying tastes of individuals. The committee, however, take the present opportunity to state that it is proposed to hold a Fair some time in October next, on a scale of

liberality, if possible, never excelled in this city, the proceeds of which will be devoted to this object. And they take pleasure, also, in saying that the ladies, always the admirers of genius and heroism, and who are only less than omnipotent in their undertakings, have already engaged in this service with an enthusiasm which ensures success. [Applause.]

It has always been the source of honest pride to her people that in the catalogue of patriotic States, Massachusetts has held an honorable position, and it is a continued gratification in our time to feel that when the record of those who have manifested their veneration of the peerless Washington shall be gathered, it will be among her durable honors that her sons and daughters, among them, him whom, preëminent in the service, it is needless to name, have been earnest in securing to posterity the unaltered home of the Father of his country. [Applause.]

Here also again, in the capitol of the State, surrounded by the ancient military landmarks, which neither the lapse of time nor the hand of improvement has quite obliterated, within the sound of artillery from the spot where the Commander-in-chief first drew his sword in the presence of the continental army, will a new memorial rise to perpetuate his fame. And among the cheering auspices of the undertaking, I find not the least to be the privilege of announcing to you as one of its earliest supporters and advocates, the orator of this evening; another honored son of Massachusetts, whose ears I may not offend with the language of personal compliment, and whose public services and private virtues supersede an introduction to this audience of his fellow citizens—the HONORABLE ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



ADDRESS.

I WAS not at all surprised, my friends, on my return home yesterday from a brief Southern tour, to find that the wars and rumors of wars from abroad, which are agitating and engrossing the public mind, and the elemental revolutions at home, which precipitated us into midsummer a few days since only to plunge us back again so soon into this cold and cheerless spring, should have somewhat overclouded the prospects and the promise of this occasion.

But the glorious sunshine which we have enjoyed this afternoon, the inspiring strains of this charming band of choristers, and still more the eloquent and excellent remarks of my valued friend who has just introduced me so kindly, have dissipated all doubts and forebodings, and have assured me that the cause which I am to plead is already safe, and that we shall none of us have occasion to repent that we have "set this Ball in motion."—My only apprehension is, that the occasion may hardly seem to call for so grave and formal a discourse, as that which, according to my promise, I now proceed to deliver.

It would not be easy, I think, to name a more interest-

ing or a more instructive memorial of our Revolutionary period, than the "Journal of a Voyage to England,"—with the account of what he saw and heard and did there in the years 1774 and 1775,—by that eminent and eloquent young Boston patriot,—JOSIAH QUINCY, JR,—who died, alas, within sight of his native shores on his return home, just eighty-four years ago on the 26th of April last, leaving a name which, even had no fresh renown been earned for it in a later generation, could not fail to have been held in the most grateful remembrance, through all ages of our country's history, by every friend of American liberty.

This journal will be found in the admirable Memoir of its author, prepared and published in the year 1825, by his early distinguished and now venerable and venerated son. The Memoir has long been out of print, and copies of it are not always easily to be procured. But it well deserves a place in every American library, and it is greatly to be hoped that a new edition of it may be forthcoming at no distant day from the same filial hand ;—a hand still untrembling under the ceaseless industry of more than fourscore years, and never weary of doing another, and still another, labor of love for his kinsfolk, his fellow-citizens, or his country.

One of the most striking passages of this journal is that which describes an interview between our young Boston Cicero, as Quincy was deservedly called in those days, and that distinguished member of Parliament and friend of America, Col. Barré.

Among the statesmen of the mother country, during the early part of our Revolutionary contentions, the name

of no one was more familiar or more endeared to our American patriots than that of Isaac Barré. A self-made man, of humble Irish parentage, he had served upon this continent, as an officer of the British army, before the oppression of the colonies which led to their separation had commenced. He was with Wolfe, as an aid-de-camp, at the capture of Quebec, where he received a wound which was destined to cost him his eyesight before he died. Some of you may, perhaps, remember a pleasant anecdote, which Mr. Webster used to tell with the highest relish, when he was himself suffering from an almost blinding catarrh during the season of roses or of hay,—the story of Lord North, who was afflicted with total blindness before his death, saying of Col. Barré, after he also had become blind,—“Although the worthy gentleman and I have often been at variance, there are few men living who would feel more delighted to *see* each other.” Barré returned home, however, to become adjutant-general, governor of Stirling Castle, and a member of the House of Commons. In this latter capacity he signalized himself, within two days after taking his seat, by a bold and blunt philippic upon no less formidable and illustrious an opponent than William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham ; and not long afterwards he was among the few members of parliament who ventured to resist the passage of the Stamp Act, making a powerful and admirable reply on that occasion to the celebrated Charles Townsend, the most eloquent of all the advocates of that ill-starr’d,—if I ought not rather to call it, in view of all its fortunate consequences,—that auspicious and glorious measure. “There has been nothing of note in Parlia-

ment, (writes Horace Walpole on the 12th of February, 1765,) but one slight day on the American Taxes,—which Charles Townsend supporting, received a pretty heavy thump from Barré, who is the present Pitt, and the dread of all the vociferous Norths and Rigbys, on whose lungs depended so much of Mr. Grenville's power." This is the speech which has become so familiar to the declamation of the schools, and which will readily be remembered by those striking exclamations and replies,—“They planted by your care! No, your oppressions planted them in America! They nourished up by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them! They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence!”

Barré was also the first to foretell distinctly the result of the oppressive measures which he was so bold in opposing. “I prophesied on the passing of the Stamp Act in 1765, (said he just four years afterwards,) what would happen thereon; and now in March, 1769, I fear I can prophesy further troubles,—that if the whole people are made desperate, finding no remedy from Parliament, the whole continent will be in arms immediately, and perhaps these provinces lost to England forever.” So signal, indeed, had been his efforts, on repeated occasions, in favor of the rights and privileges of the Colonies, that the people of Boston, at a town meeting in 1765,—at which James Otis presided and Samuel Adams was present and took part in the proceedings,—not only voted an address of thanks to Col. Barré and Gen. Conway, but ordered that the portraits of both those gentlemen, as soon as they could be procured, should be sus-

pended in Faneuil Hall, “as a standing monument to all posterity of the virtue and justice of our benefactors, and a lasting proof of our own gratitude.” That was among the earliest formal and public applications of the Fine Arts to historical monuments in our New England annals. And the order was duly and honorably executed. At the Boston town meeting of May 8, 1767, only a few days more than ninety-two years ago, a letter was directed to be written to Col. Barré, announcing that his picture had been received and placed in Faneuil Hall. That of Gen. Conway was also procured about the same time; but I am sorry to add that both these portraits, together with others, perhaps, of even greater artistic value, disappeared during the occupancy of the town by the British army in 1775-6, both of them having been either destroyed or carried away.

Barré is said to have been the first person who gave to our Boston rebels the cherished title of ‘Sons of Liberty.’ And, as an evidence of the estimation in which he was held in Massachusetts as late as 1774, I may remind you that a noble agricultural town in the heart of the Commonwealth was called by his name, which it still bears; the odious name of *Hutchinson* having been repudiated to make way for it. And though Col. Barré did not continue to sustain our cause,—as he could hardly have been expected to do,—after we were once at open war with his own land; although he was even betrayed into a vote for that abominable measure, the Boston Port Bill; I cannot help thinking that it would still be a most agreeable *souvenir* of those early services to American liberty, if the completion of a full century from the date

when it was first placed there, should find that same portrait of him, (by Sir Joshua Reynolds I dare say,) if it could anyhow be recovered, once more hanging on the walls of old Faneuil Hall, side by side with that of Quincy himself, which ought certainly to be there, also. There will be time enough, however, for Boston folks, who are proverbially full of notions, to think about this, between now and the 8th of May, 1867. Meanwhile, having refreshed your memories with a brief account of the career and character of this young Irish friend of American freedom, let me turn to the interview between him and our patriot Quincy, as described in the journal to which I have already referred.

That interview took place on the 2d day of January, 1775, at Bath, well known, at that period and since, as one of the most fashionable watering-places of England, and it is thus introduced by the spirited young journalist : —“January 2d. Was visited by Hon. Mr. Temple, who spent an hour with me. Went again over Bath, in order to review the buildings. Spent the afternoon with Mrs. Macaulay,¹ and went in the evening to a ball at the new rooms, which was full and very splendid. The rooms are very elegant, and the paintings which cover the windows,—taken from the draughts of the figures found at the ruins of Herculaneum,—have a fine effect. This evening, (he adds,) I had two hours’ conversation with Col. Barré, and from him I learned that he was once the

¹ She was the accomplished lady whose *History of England* was hardly less celebrated in those days than that of her distinguished namesake in these, having been pronounced both by Horace Walpole and by the poet Gray, as “the most sensible, unaffected, and best history of England that we have had yet,” although Hume’s had been published long before.

friend of Mr. Hutchinson in opposition to Gov. Pownall, but that he had for a long time, and especially since his last arrival in England, wholly deserted him."

In the course of this conversation. Col. Barré made the following remarks : " About fifteen years ago, I was through a considerable part of your country ;—for in the expedition against Canada, my business called me to pass by land through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Albany. When I returned to this country, I was often speaking of America, and could not help speaking well of its climate, soil, and inhabitants ;—for you must know, Sir, America was always a favorite with me ;—but will you believe it, Sir,—yet I assure you it is true,—more than two thirds of this island at that time, thought the Americans were negroes !"—" I replied," says Quincy, " that I did not in the least doubt of it,—for that if I was to judge by the late acts of Parliament, I should suppose that a majority of the people of Great Britain still thought so ;—for I found that their representatives still treated them as such." " He smiled, (continues the Journal,) and the discourse dropped ; " but Quincy quietly adds, as an intimation that the point of his own reply had not been unperceived,—" Col. Barré was among those who voted for the Boston Port Bill."

Few things could more strikingly illustrate the ignorance which prevailed in the mother country, at that critical period, in regard to those Colonies which she was so blindly and madly goading on to rebellion, than this little dialogue ;—but interesting as it is in itself, and instructive as it would be to dwell upon it longer, it is

not the part of the interview between Barré and Quincy which I have taken as the text and topic of this Address, and to which I now hasten to proceed, without further preamble.

“Col. Barré,” says Quincy, while we were viewing the pictures taken from the ruins found at Herculaneum, said, “I hope you have not the books containing the draughts of those ruins with you.” I replied, “There was one set, I believed, in the public library at our College.” “Keep them there,” said he, “and they may be of some service as a matter of curiosity for the speculative, but let them get abroad and you are ruined. ’Tis taste that ruins whole kingdoms; ’tis taste that depopulates whole nations; I could not help weeping when I surveyed the ruins of Rome. All the remains of Roman grandeur are of works which were finished when Rome and the spirit of Rome were no more,—unless I except the ruins of the Emilian baths. Mr. Quincy, let your countrymen beware of taste in their buildings, equipage, and dress, as a deadly poison.”

If this solemn and emphatic warning, to which the youthful Quincy seems to have made no reply, but which he considered worthy of being recorded at length in his private diary,—a warning which some of us, perhaps, might be almost invidious enough to intimate had been literally interpreted and practically followed from that day to this, so very little of anything worthy of being called taste has yet been exhibited among us;—if this solemn and emphatic warning had come from some sober moralist, or some grave minister of the Gospel, it might have been regarded only as an amplification or paraphrase of

one of those general injunctions against vanity and worldliness which abound on the pages of Holy Writ, and we should have listened to it, or read it, as we read or listen to that memorable text, for example, of one of the Epistles of St. John—"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." But here was an experienced and enlightened Statesman, in the maturity of his parliamentary renown, whose vigor of intellect and force of character and felicity of style have ranked him among the few by whom even the brilliant and mysterious Letters of Junius might have been written, and to whom those letters have sometimes been ascribed,—a man who had seen the world, and was deeply read in the history of the world, and had no distaste for the pomps and vanities of the world,—a lover of Liberty, too, and an earnest sympathizer with Young America in that cause of freedom, for which she was girding herself so heroically to contend even unto the death;—and it was from the lips of this man, in no spirit of religious bigotry or of moral primness and punctiliousness, but on broad, philosophical, and political grounds, that the warning has come down to us against cultivating and indulging a taste—an extravagant and licentious taste—not merely for equipage and furniture and dress, but for buildings and sculpture and the Fine Arts.

Such a warning, I need hardly say, was not original with Col. Barré. So far at least as it may be construed into a protest against luxury in general, as unworthy of

being countenanced by a free and enlightened people, and as leading to the decay and downfall of Liberty, it may be found on the pages of a thousand historians and poets and moralists of every age and land. Gibbon, indeed, who had gazed on the remains of the Eternal City with an agitation not less vivid than his parliamentary compeer,—for Gibbon once sat in the House of Commons by the side of Col. Barré,—Gibbon, who traced the original idea of his great “History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” to the emotions excited by a company of barefooted friars singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, while he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol,—Gibbon appears to have found some compensation for the evils of this sort of extravagance in the suggestion, that “in the present imperfect condition of society, luxury, though it may proceed from vice and folly, seems to be the only means that can correct the unequal distribution of property.” Hume, too, with the ingenuity and acuteness which characterize so many of his celebrated Essays, draws a careful distinction between those luxurious indulgences which “are pursued at the expense of some virtue, as liberality or charity,” and those which “entrench upon no virtue, leaving an ample surplus whence to provide for friends, family, and every proper object of generosity or compassion ;” and he would seem to imply, that from this latter sort of indulgence there was no danger to be apprehended either to individuals or to nations. And Dr. Johnson, in a spirit of combative dissent from those who conversed with him, and with a singularity which can hardly be reconciled with his ordinary good sense,—while he expressed a

strong and strange contempt for everything like ornamental architecture, and severely ridiculed and satirized sculpture in particular, yet declared with more than his ordinary dogmatism to Sir Adam Ferguson, who had suggested that luxury corrupts a people and destroys the spirit of liberty,—“Sir, that is all visionary;”—adding emphatically, in a conversation with Goldsmith, on another occasion afterwards,—“No nation was ever hurt by luxury.” But Goldsmith himself, however he may have been silenced and confounded for the moment, was, as we all know, by no means convinced by the dogmatic moralist; and no one has left a more earnest and unequivocal testimony on the subject, than may be found in those well-remembered and exquisite lines of the “Deserted Village”:—

“Ye friends to truth, ye Statesmen, who survey
 The rich man’s joys increase, the poor’s decay,
 ’Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards e’en beyond the miser’s wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply’d;
 Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb’d the neighb’ring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;—

While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasures all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
 As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;—
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress ;—
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave !”

And nearly eighteen hundred years before Goldsmith, the inimitable satirist of antiquity (Juvenal) had condensed the whole idea into two noble lines, for which our circumlocutory language can supply no adequate translation,—when he represented and personified Luxury, more ruthless than War itself, brooding over Rome, revelling in her streets, and wreaking a relentless vengeance for a conquered world :—

“ Sævior armis,
 Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.”

But there is something in the time, place, and circumstances of the dialogue between Quincy and Barré, which give it a peculiar impressiveness for every American heart,—imparting to it an interest far different from any, and far deeper than any, which could be inspired by the most brilliant flights and figures of mere poetry, whether ancient or modern, and challenging for it the gravest and

most serious consideration. And at this precise moment of our history, especially, when Luxury has made such unmistakable inroads upon the old simplicities of our indoor and of our out-door life ; when its flaunting manifestations confront us at every corner of the streets of our large cities, and even of some of our smaller towns and villages ; when Vice and Crime, and political degeneracy, and personal profligacy, too, in so many fearful forms, seem to be following and accompanying its track ; and when, at length, a sweeping financial crisis has so recently summoned us all to a reluctant pause in our career of profuse and reckless expenditure ; at this precise moment of our history, it may be wholesome as well as interesting to ponder a little upon so remarkable an utterance,—accepting and laying to heart so much of it as is just and reasonable, and not omitting, at the same time, to recognize such discriminations and distinctions, as may spare us from being called on to proscribe all encouragement and patronage of the Fine Arts, as incompatible with the purity of our social life, and dangerous to the security of our Republican Liberty.

I do not propose, in pursuing this subject on the present occasion, my friends, to occupy any considerable part of my time in trite severities or easy sarcasms upon the particular manifestations which have marked the advances of luxury in our country of late years. There have been attacks enough, certainly, and more than enough, upon our sister sex, for the costly material or the swelling proportions of modern female costume. I shall enter into no criticisms upon their laces and jewelry, their basques and bodices, their cashmeres or crinoline, their

gossamer expansions “or patent adjustables”;—nor will I even venture upon the discussion whether a better balance might not be struck in the book of beauty, if a little less of whatever material they may wear should be employed in encumbering the lower half of their forms, and a little more in covering the upper half. Talleyrand once wittily said of women’s dress in his own time and land, that “it began too late and ended too soon.” The latter fault has certainly disappeared at the behest of modern milliners, and our streets and crossing stones are daily and hourly swept by many more than those who are hired to keep them clean. There is, after all, nothing new in the fashions and follies of modern female attire, and nothing new can be said about them. Milton portrayed them all in that memorable description of the treacherous wife of Samson, as he introduced her to the chorus of the Danites in his magnificent drama of *The Agonistes*, and one might almost imagine that he was prefiguring the advent of some Broadway or Washington Street or Beacon Street belle of the present day:—

“But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck’d, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play;—
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife.”

And even the idea, which is so much harped on of late, that woman is responsible for draining the country of its wealth, and robbing domestic industry of its rightful remuneration, by indulging so inordinately in foreign fashions and imported finery, is almost as old as the Christian era. It was in the year of our Lord 22, a great ancient historian informs us, that luxury had reached such a pitch in Rome, that the *Ædiles* complained to the Senate, and the Senate laid the subject before the Emperor Tiberius, and called for his special and sovereign intervention. It was before Tiberius had indulged in those corrupting excesses at Capree, which have associated his name with eternal infamy, and while he was still “addicted (as the historian tells us) to the frugality of ancient manners.” The Emperor addressed a special and serious communication to the Senate on the subject, which gives us an edifying insight into the fashions of those days :—

“If a reform is in truth intended,” says he, “where must it begin ? and how am I to restore the simplicity of ancient times ? Must I abridge your villas, those vast domains, where whole tracts of land are laid out for ornament ? Must I retrench the number of slaves, so great at present, that every family seems a nation in itself ? What shall be said of massy heaps of gold and silver ! of statues wrought in brass, and an infinite collection of pictures, all indeed highly finished, the perfection of art !—How shall we reform the taste for dress, which, according to the reigning fashion, is so exquisitely nice, that the sexes are scarce distinguished ? How are we to deal with the peculiar articles of female vanity, and, in particular, with that rage for jewels and precious trinkets, *which drains*

the Empire of its wealth, and sends, in exchange for bawbles, the money of the Commonwealth to foreign nations, and even to the enemies of Rome ?”—He concludes by the prudent and excellent suggestion, that sumptuary laws will not answer the purpose, that each individual must be a law unto himself, that men of rank must be restrained by principle, the poor by indigence, and the rich, if in no other way, by satiety. The whole subject was accordingly dismissed for the time, and the Roman ladies continued to wear what they pleased.*

And so, doubtless, will the American ladies continue to wear what they please, in spite of any reproaches or ridicule, any gibes or sneers, which may be cast upon them from any source. Yet American ladies are as open to the appeals of reason, of justice, and of patriotism, as those who aspire to be considered as their rightful lords and masters. Let them once be convinced that the cause of virtue, of good morals, and of freedom, demands of them any sacrifice of show or of substance, any abatement of expenditure, any abandonment of display, any self-denial or self-devotion whatever, and they will be the last to shrink from such an appeal. If any one doubts this, let him recall the sacrifices of our Pilgrim Mothers and of our Patriot Mothers, as recorded on the pages of our Colonial and Revolutionary history. Let him read afresh the story of that noble North Carolina landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, who, as Irving tells us in his admirable “*Life of Washington*,” when the gallant Greene was resting and refreshing himself at her Inn, on his way to Guilford Court-house in 1781, “*fatigued, hungry, alone,*

* Tac. Ann. 3 Lib. ch. 51-53.

and penniless," no sooner overheard his desponding words, than she entered the room where he was sitting, closed the door, and, drawing from under her apron two bags of money which she had carefully hoarded, said, most nobly: "Take these, you will want them, and I can do without them."

Let him read afresh that pledge which the young ladies of Mecklenburg and Rowan, in the same old North State, are said to have entered into in the year 1780, not to receive the attentions of young men who would not volunteer in defence of the country,—“being of opinion, (as the pledge reads,) that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave and manly spirit, which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex.”

Let him recall that charming incident of the ball given to Lafayette in the City of Baltimore, as he was passing along to the field of his Southern conflicts, and when to the question of one of the Baltimore belles of the Revolutionary period—“Why so gloomy at a ball, Marquis?”—he replied, “I cannot enjoy the gayety of the scene while so many of the poor soldiers are without garments to keep them warm.”—“We will supply them,” was the noble reply of the ladies, and lo—instead of a hundred twinkling feet on a ball-room floor, a hundred twinkling fingers of devoted wives and daughters are plying their needles, night and day, in making up the materials furnished by patriot husbands and fathers,—one lady cutting out with her own hands no less than five hundred

pairs of pantaloons, and superintending the making of them for the poor soldiers.

Let him read afresh the account of that memorable association of ladies in Philadelphia, for the relief of the poor soldiers in 1780, under the lead and direction of Esther De Berdt, (then the wife of Gen. Joseph Reed,) and of Sarah Franklin, (the daughter of our illustrious Bostonian, then Mrs. Bache,) who, having bought the linen with their pin-money, cut out and made, with their own hands, no less than twenty-two hundred shirts, marking each one of them with the name of the married or unmarried lady who had worked upon it, and then threw their trinkets and jewelry into the common treasury besides.

Let him read afresh such a memorandum as Mr. Jefferson has furnished us, of the contributions of females in Virginia in aid of the War of Independence:—

“Mrs. Sarah Cary of Scotchtown, a watchchain, cost £7 sterling.

Mrs. ——— Ambler, five gold rings.

Mrs. Rebecca Ambler, three gold rings.

Mrs. Nicholas, a diamond drop.”

Ah! if the secret history of those little rings and ornaments, of those precious souvenirs and trinkets and love-tokens, could have been copied from the hearts of those who contributed them, into records which the world might read, we should see how much woman can forget, how much woman can forego, when the perils of her Country call upon her for some signal act of self-sacrifice and self-devotion. Yes, when the men of America shall be as ready to give up their own follies and fopperies

and extravagances and vices, as some of them are to rebuke and ridicule their wives and daughters, we may look for a social reformation which shall leave nothing to be desired for purity, and nothing to be feared for Liberty.

But I leave all further discussion of this point for some more convenient season.

Nor do I propose to spend much of my rapidly flying hour this evening, in any vague generalities or obvious commonplaces on the danger to freedom which is involved in what is commonly understood by luxurious indulgence. The whole argument upon this point may be summed up, as it seems to me, in two brief and simple propositions:—

1. True Liberty can only be maintained by a moral and virtuous people. One of the great elemental ideas of freedom is Self-Government. This self-government is partly to be exercised by rulers elected by the people and agreeably to Constitutions and Laws established and enacted by themselves or their representatives;—but it is to be exercised partly, and in great part, let me say, by their own individual restraint and control of their own passions and their own wills. Individual self-discipline, the government of each one of us over ourselves, constitutes the largest part of the full idea of that self-government which is so often employed as the very synonyme of freedom. And whatever corrupts and debases the individual man, lowering his standard of integrity, dethroning the vicegerent of God within his breast, and substituting ease and indolence and pleasure and profligacy for the aims and ends and obligations which are alone

worthy of a rational and responsible being, is by its very nature hostile to true freedom. It incapacitates men for the enjoyment of freedom. It incapacitates them for the discharge of those duties which are essential to the existence of freedom. There must be government somewhere, within us or without us. And just so far as individual, internal self-government is abandoned, just so far an external, political restraint and compulsion must be substituted and must be endured. Individual indulgences, individual vices, individual crimes,—these are what occasion the necessity for prohibitions and penalties, for punishments, prisons, and scaffolds; and when the moral sense and moral condition of the men and women composing a whole community has become thoroughly infected and depraved, tyranny must soon come in, in some form or other, and by some means or other, to enforce that degree of subordination to authority, that measure of obedience to law, which is vital to the existence of every organized society. It is not written in the book of history, it is not written in the nature of man, it is not written in the will of God, that an immoral and vicious and dissolute people can ever remain a free people. There is no such thing as the permanent separation, in any such sense as this,—if, indeed, in any sense,—of morality and politics;—and no glorifications of Liberty, however boastful or however defiant, can preserve any people from those chains and fetters, which immorality and vice will gradually weave and weld upon their limbs. Edmund Burke expressed the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on this point, in that inimitable passage from one of his most celebrated letters, which cannot too often be recalled and repeated:—

“Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites ; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity ; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.”

2. But there is a physical view, too, which may serve for the second proposition, to which I referred. True Liberty can only be maintained by a manly and muscular people. “Who would be free,” the poet tells us, “themselves must strike the blow.” And whoever would maintain freedom must be able to strike a second and a third blow in its defence, as hard and as effective as the first by which it was achieved ; and must keep themselves in a condition to do so, whenever summoned to the struggle. And whatever impairs the vigor, enfeebles the nerve, dwarfs and dwindles the stature and proportions, undermines the health and heartiness of a people, melting down their manhood and their womanhood into mere courtesy and compliment, and frittering away their energies upon mere form and show and ceremony, until, like the masses of Rome in its degenerate days, they care only for two things,—*panem et Circenses*,—food and festivals, eating and enjoyment ;—whatever tends to produce such enervating and emasculating results as these upon a population, does just so much to prepare them for falling an

easy prey to any form of oppression or of tyranny which may approach them, either from abroad or from among themselves. This is the physical view.

Now it would be the merest waste of time and of words to frame elaborate periods in order to prove, that what is generally understood by luxurious living is to be condemned on both these grounds,—that it wars at once against mind and body, engendering those diseases and weaknesses, alike physical and moral, which are incompatible with a strenuous assertion or a successful maintenance or defence of freedom. No man or woman would for an instant dispute the doctrine in the abstract, however reluctant they might be to admit that their own individual and personal indulgence, in this or that particular luxurious habit, could have a tendency towards producing so grave and serious a mischief. We all know, however, that a nation is but an aggregate of individuals, as the ocean is but an aggregate of drops, and that no one can so live unto himself, as to escape his proportionate share of responsibility for the character and composition of the whole.

It is not, then, only a momentary pecuniary pressure or financial revulsion, nor is it only a consideration of permanent religious or moral obligation, which may well lead us all to abate something of our fancy for the pride and pomp and vanity of the world, and to put a seasonable curb upon our appetite for luxurious living, but patriotism, a love of country, a love of liberty, call upon us, in almost the very words of Barré to Quincy in 1775, to beware, to beware, not indeed, of a true and refined taste, but of that meretricious and extravagant taste for

equipage and furniture and dress, for balls and ballets and banquets and voluptuous excesses of all sorts, which is a deadly poison to Freedom.

It was in this spirit that John Adams, in that noble clause of our own Massachusetts State Constitution, which, in the Convention of 1820, he boasted of having written carefully with his own hand, included *frugality*, together with industry and benevolence and public and private charity, among the virtues which it was made the duty of legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of the commonwealth, to countenance and inculcate.

And in this spirit, too, a greater even than John Adams, the immortal Father of his country himself, prepared the following paragraph for his Farewell Address, which though not ultimately retained by his advisers, and therefore not familiar even to those who reverence that document most deeply, has been fortunately preserved in the original draft, as given by him to Mr. Claypoole, the Philadelphia printer, and as beautifully printed at the expense of its present munificent owner, Mr. James Lenox, of New York :—

“ Cultivate industry and frugality, as auxiliaries to good morals and sources of private and public prosperity. Is there not room to regret that our propensity to expense exceeds our means for it ? Is there not more *luxury* among us, and more diffusively, than suits the actual stage of our national progress ? Whatever may be the apology for luxury in a country, mature in the arts which are its ministers and the cause of national opulence, can it promote the advantage of a young coun-

try, almost wholly agricultural, in the infancy of the arts, and certainly not in the maturity of wealth ?”

Such were the reflections which weighed on the heart of Washington sixty years ago, before the world had begun to go by steam, and when fast men and fast women were as rare as slow ones are now. What new emphasis would he not have given to the warning, could he have witnessed the social state of America, and especially of “young America,” at the present day ! Would he not have welcomed even worse reverses and calamities than any which have visited us of late years, if nothing else could seasonably arouse us to the dangers of a corrupting and cankering luxury ?

And now, my friends, having thus given in my unequivocal adhesion to the doctrines involved in these memorable warnings which have come down to us from the distant and the dead, from the great and good of other countries as well as of our own, so far at least as they are aimed at what may fairly be included in the idea of extravagant and luxurious living, I turn to a brief consideration of the question, whether everything like a taste for the Fine Arts is to fall under the general ban which that eloquent British statesman and ardent friend to America, in his dialogue with Quincy, would seem to have pronounced upon it, and whether architecture and sculpture and painting are, indeed, to be altogether proscribed as poisonous to liberty ?

Must we, in order to save our free institutions from overthrow, fall back upon the old laws of Lycurgus, that “the ceilings of our houses shall be wrought with no tool but the axe, and the doors shaped with nothing but

the saw ?” Must our teeming quarries be sealed up against the chisel of the sculptor, and no counterfeit presentment of the beauties of nature or the conceptions of genius ever be permitted to glow upon the canvas, and to greet us from the walls of our public buildings or of our private dwellings ? Are our infant galleries of art to be closed up and abated as schools of immorality and nurseries of corruption ? Are Phidias and Praxiteles, Michael Angelo and Raphael, and our own Allston and Crawford, and Trumbull and Stuart, and Cole and Horatio Greenough,—not to venture upon any selection among so many living names,—to be classed henceforth among the conspirators against republican liberty ? Must we even hide away, in the most secret crypts of our college libraries, the drawings of the ancient ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii, of Athens or of Rome, so that while they may be of some service, “as a matter of curiosity to the speculative,” they may not get abroad and bring upon ourselves a like destruction to that which they so powerfully depict ? This, you remember, was Col. Barré’s idea ; and, extravagant as it may seem, it may furnish us a theme for a few wholesome reflections.

Beyond all doubt, a taste for the Fine Arts is one of the most expensive tastes in which an individual or a community can indulge, and we should never lose sight of the idea that it may easily be encouraged to an extent which may bring the wealthiest among us to bankruptcy and beggary. This is a danger of abuse and excess ; but it should not be forgotten by artists, when they are disappointed in obtaining orders for expensive works.

Beyond a doubt, too, painting and sculpture may be

degraded to the service of ministering to the merest personal pride and vanity,—a service alike injurious to their own advancement and to the manliness and moral health of a community. “I entirely agree with you,” wrote Edmund Burke to an eminent member of the Royal Academy, “that the rage of the inhabitants of this country for having their phizes perpetuated, whether they are worthy of it or not, is one great obstacle to the advancement of art; because it makes that branch more profitable than any other, and therefore makes many men of great talents consider it as the ultimate object of their art, instead of the means of that object.” What would Burke have said “of the rage of the inhabitants for having their phizes perpetuated, whether they are worthy of it or not,” if he had lived in our land and in this age, when to the temptation of painting and sculpture, of crayon, engraving, and lithography, is added that of chrysotallotypes and ambrotypes, and even of twenty-five cent and ten cent daguerreotypes,—and when, too, it seems to depend on the caprice of artists and publishers, or, perhaps, on the pecuniary facility of the subjects themselves, who shall be included among the champions of Freedom, or who shall find places in the gallery of Illustrious Statesmen!

But this is but a trivial abuse compared with others to which the Fine Arts are peculiarly and proverbially liable. We all know that they may be, and often have been, prostituted to the most corrupting and licentious purposes. And I cannot omit the opportunity of entering my humble but earnest protest against their too common employment in pandering to the depraved and prurient

appetites of vulgar and vicious minds. Away with the old maxim which is so often quoted to palliate the grossest indecency—"Evil be to him who evil thinks." That maxim may be allowed to retain its historical place as the motto of the Order of the Garter; and was well enough to cover the embarrassment and confusion arising out of the ludicrous accident which is sometimes said to have given occasion to the original institution of that "most noble order." You all have heard the story. It is said that the Countess of Salisbury, at a Court ball, happening to drop her garter, King Edward III. took it up and presented it to her with these words: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.—But the maxim of modern civilization and refinement and Christianity should rather be—Evil be to him that evil does;—whether he does it by word or act, by lip or hand, by pen, pencil, chisel, brush or burin. The day has almost gone by, I trust, for the multiplication of indecent and lascivious pictures. We may endure them, and even sometimes admire them against our moral sense, on the cracked canvas or in the crumbling marble of an old master. Such productions peculiarly befitted the dark idolatries and corrupt obscenities of other ages. But the Artist, and more especially the American Artist, who, in this nineteenth century, in this age of Christianity and civilization, can find nothing more worthy of his genius than such exhibitions and exposures, may think himself well off if he meets with no sterner rebuke than that his productions should attract neither praise nor purchasers, and should be left to remain a drug—a poisonous drug—upon his own polluted hands. I know it is not always easy to fix

the precise vanishing point, if I may so speak, at which delicacy ends and indelicacy begins. I do not forget how readily the cry of primness and prudery is raised against any scruples of the sort. And I am aware how eagerly some of the amateurs and connoisseurs in art cling to its ancient prerogative of dealing in what they softly style the *nude*. And some of them might be pardoned for discarding all dress and drapery in their designs, since they have proved themselves such miserable mantuamakers and such abominable tailors. But rarely upon any other ground.

We often hear it said, indeed, that "Art must be true to Nature." And so it must be. But it must be true to something else besides Nature. It must be true to virtue and freedom, true to purity and patriotism, true to morals and to religion, or it will cease to be worthy of the patronage of Christian freemen. What has not Religion done for art! What has ever inspired such exquisite delineations, such sublime conceptions, such enchanting portraitures, such grand and glorious groupings, such glowing and gorgeous colorings, as the scenes of the Bible, wrought out in faith and reverence, to decorate the shrines and altars of the cathedrals and chapels of other ages and other lands? How much of their inexpressible richness and radiance would have been lost to those glorious works of the old masters, which have received the homage of centuries, and which we all make pilgrimages over land and sea to enjoy a single sight of,—how much of their richness and radiance would have been lost, had not a devout faith in God and in Christ, not only furnished the theme, but prepared the pallet, directed the

brush, and dipped it in the very hues of heaven! Let Art, in all its departments, architecture, sculpture, and painting alike, never fail to recognize and acknowledge its obligations to Religion; and if simpler forms of worship, in later days and in our own land, afford less scope for its employment on religious themes, let it, at least, abstain from doing despite to its earliest and noblest source of inspiration, by ministering to irreligion and vice, and by employing a divine faculty on that which is not only earthly, but “sensual and devilish.” Art can be true to nature, and true to itself, without groping in the chambers of imagery to bring forth whatever is most offensive and unclean; and the artist who, in these days, presumes upon his genius to violate the decencies of society, and who thinks to make delicacy of outline or brilliancy of coloring atone for the want of decency of design, deserves the hoot of every true friend to freedom and to virtue,—such a hoot and such a hue and cry, as recently and most deservedly followed those publishers and sellers of indecent prints and engravings in the city of New York. This is, indeed, the sort of art which, in the words of Barré to Quincy, is poisonous to freedom, and it may be that those drawings of Herculaneum were not altogether exempt from the censure.

But I turn, my friends, to the closing, and yet the principal thoughts of this Address. I turn to a brief consideration of the question, whether our own land and our own condition of society do not afford ample opportunity for the enjoyment and encouragement of the Fine Arts, without danger to Liberty, and without just liability to the charge of furthering and fostering a pernicious and poisonous luxury.

And I know not how I can so well commence my reply to this question as by quoting for your instruction and admiration a few of the emphatic and noble sentences of the great orator of Ancient Greece,—the greatest orator of the world :—

“ Mark, O Athenians,” said Demosthenes in his third Olynthiac,—“ Mark, O Athenians, what a summary contrast may be drawn between the doings in our olden time and in yours. It is a tale brief and familiar to all ; for the examples by which you may still be happy are found not abroad, men of Athens, but at home. Our forefathers, whom the speakers humored not nor caressed, as these men caress you, for five and forty years took the leadership of the Greeks by general consent, and brought above ten thousand talents into the citadel ; and the king of this country was submissive to them, as a barbarian should be to Greeks ; and many glorious trophies they erected for victories won by their own fighting on land and sea, and they are the sole people in the world who have bequeathed a renown superior to envy. Such were their merits in the affairs of Greece : See what they were at home, both as citizens and as men. Their public edifices and ornaments of such beauty and grandeur, in temples and consecrated furniture, that posterity have no power to surpass them. In private they were so modest and attached to the principles of our Constitution, that whoever knows the style of house which Aristides had, or Miltiades and the illustrious of that day, perceives it to be no grander than those of their neighbors. Their politics were not for money-making ; each felt it his duty to exalt the Commonwealth. By a conduct honorable

towards the Greeks, pious to the gods, brotherlike among themselves, they justly attained a high prosperity."

Listen to this preëminent orator of antiquity once more, while he unfolds with even more distinctness this noble discrimination, which seems to have been a favorite theme with him, between public magnificence and private moderation and frugality. He is discoursing on the regulation of the State, and has just been declaiming with great boldness and severity against the degeneracy of the Athenians of his day, as compared with their fathers and ancestors.

"The edifices they have left to us," said he, "their decorations of our city, of our temples, of our harbors, of all our public structures, are so numerous and so magnificent, that their successors can make no addition. Look around you," he exclaimed, "to their vestibules, their arsenals, their porticos, and all those honors of our city which they transmitted to us." (And remember that he was standing on the Bema in the Pnyx, from which the Propylea, and the Parthenon, and so many of the exquisite and inimitable temples of Athens, could all be taken in at a glance.) "Look around you," said he, "at these magnificent structures! Yet were the private habitations of the men of eminence in those times, so moderate, so consonant to that equality, the characteristic of our constitution, that if any of you knows the house of Themistocles, of Cimon, of Aristides, of Miltiades, or of any of these illustrious personages, he knows that it is not distinguished by the least mark of grandeur. But now, ye men of Athens, as to public works the State is satisfied, if roads be repaired, if water be supplied, if walls be whi-

tened, if any trifle be provided. Not that I blame those who have executed such works. No ! I blame you who can think so meanly as to be satisfied with such fruits of their administration. Then, in private life, of the men who have conducted our affairs, some have built houses not only more magnificent than those of other citizens, but superior to our public edifices ; others have purchased and improved an extent of land greater than all their dreams of riches ever presented to their fancies."

In this forcible and most felicitous contrast, between private simplicity and moderation and public magnificence and splendor, we may find the very clue and pass-key to a policy, which marked the earlier and better periods of ancient Greece, and which may reconcile, in our own day, and in our own land, the highest and most effective encouragement of the Fine Arts, in all their departments, with entire immunity and safety to morality and freedom.

It is only in their unworthy ministrations to private vanity and voluptuousness, that painting and sculpture and architecture are dangerous to liberty and destructive to virtue. It is only in garnishing and furbishing the mansions of pride and ostentation, of ambition and arrogance, that they too often become responsible for a wasteful and ridiculous excess of expenditure, and too often engender a licentious luxuriousness of living, which are at war with all the just simplicities and equalities of republican society. I would not forbid or discourage, indeed, the modest portrait or the classic bust of the loved and the lost, or even of the honored and the living, which are the precious decorations of so many of our parlors and libra-

ries. I would not banish from the private habitations of such as can afford them, the glowing landscape or the fragrant flower-piece, the tasteful Parian or the enduring bronze. My precept would be strangely at variance with my practice, were I to advocate or even intimate such an idea. A thousand-fold nobler and purer and worthier are the gratifications which ornaments and souvenirs like these communicate, than any which can be derived from the most gorgeous upholstery, or the most glittering mirrors, or the most massive and magnificent plate, which ever dazzled the eyes of a gaping crowd, or bedizened the halls of a vulgar fashion. And those are to be honored, at home and abroad, who do not shut up such treasures for their own selfish enjoyment, but open them wide, from time to time, for the entertainment and instruction of the community in which they live, or, better still, for some occasional purpose of philanthropy or of patriotism.

I cannot forget my own good fortune in being present, by the kind invitation of the late Sir Robert Peel, a few weeks more than twelve years ago, at the annual exhibition of his own celebrated gallery in Whitehall Gardens, where I found the humblest disciples of art mingling with the highest dignitaries of the realm,—Landseer and Leslie and Stansfield and Fielding and Westmacott, with the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell,—now gazing with delight at a Cuyp or a Hobbima, a Gerard Douw or an Ostade, a Wouvermans or a Vandervelde,—now gathering with rapture around the original Chapeau de Paille of Rubens, (which had cost Sir Robert nearly eighteen thousand dollars,)—or now pausing for another glance of

admiration at the matchless portraits of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and Boswell, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But let us not forget that the true mission of the fine arts in a republican land, and in our own land especially, is to adorn the State, to exalt the Commonwealth, to elevate and ennoble our country, in our own eyes and in the eyes of others, to illustrate its history, to portray its magnificent scenery, to commemorate its great events, to immortalize its sages and heroes and patriots, and to present to the daily sight and daily reverence, not of a few lordly patrons or wealthy proprietors only, but of the whole people, of every passer-by, such memorials of the great men and great deeds of the past, as shall inspire them with a generous pride in their institutions, and with a gallant determination to maintain and defend them. Ours, in a word, is peculiarly a land for free galleries and out-of-door statues, from which he who runs may read that republics are not always ungrateful, and that patriotic services and sacrifices may not always be unremembered. I should hardly be afraid to hazard the remark, that more of the common people had studied and learned something of the history of their own land, on the bas-reliefs and legends of our noble statue of Franklin, during the two years since it was completed, than in any library in our city during ten times the same period.

There will be no danger to liberty, my friends, in such indulgences in *taste* as these. Safety, security, rather. The images of the pure and good will do something to shame down vice and profligacy in our streets. The statues of the patriotic and the brave will stand like sentries over our freedom,—more vigilant and effective, and

certainly less corruptible sentries than many of our living watchmen and policemen ;—they will stand like sentinels over our institutions, challenging and rebuking the first approaches of sedition or treachery ; while from our larger and loftier monuments will be repeated to the present and to the future the great lesson of the past, that in union there is strength and victory and glory ! Yes, the fabled music, which the rising sun drew forth from the image of Memnon, will find its audible antitype upon our American soil ; and from the massive bronzes or sculptures which commemorate the glories of a Washington, the risen and still soaring sun of liberty will draw forth the choral song of “ Union, Union, All’s well,” to find ever a welcome and joyous response in the hearts of twenty millions of people !

Nor can there be the slightest danger that American Art will be in want of patronage in such a line of employment,—for it will not depend on the mere caprice or favoritism of individuals, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, but the wealth of the whole community, within reasonable bounds, will be pledged and mortgaged to its support. Certainly there can be no dearth of opportunities or of subjects for the genius of our Artists, in a country whose soil is so continuously chequered over with the landing-places of Pilgrims or of Cavaliers, the council chambers of Planters or of Patriots, the birthplaces and cradles and battle fields of Liberty and Independence.

It is hardly too much to say, that beyond all other lands, this great and glorious Republic of ours affords scope, in its institutions and in its history, for the illustrations and embellishments of Art. We have not, indeed,

as yet,—I hope we shall never have,—any single, all-absorbing, overshadowing Capital, like London or Paris, of unimaginable and inexhaustible wealth, with its thousands of acres of palaces and parks, and its standing army of statues and monuments and portraits,—where Art might almost be appalled at the idea that so much has been done already, and that so little seems to remain to be done, or to find any room for being done,—where genius might almost be found, like the youthful inheritor of a mighty Kingdom of antiquity, sighing over the achievements of the past and lamenting that there were not more worlds to be conquered.

We have, it is true, a National Capital, where much has been done, and much is being done, sometimes in good taste and sometimes in very bad taste, but always with a loose and lavish profuseness of expenditure, in adorning and embellishing the offices of Government, and in commemorating the fathers of the Republic. But architecture will recognize a still wider field for its development in the two or three and thirty capitals of our separate States, and in the countless cities, larger than many, and some of them larger than any, of these political centres, which already exist, or are still springing into existence, within the limits of those States. And what richer or more picturesque and varied materials can Sculpture or Painting discover or desire, the world over, than the subjects which belong to the rise and progress of our Republic, to the settlement of so many colonies, to the struggles of the settlers with savage or with civilized foes, to the establishment of our Independence, and to the various scenes of civil controversy or military combat, through

which we have reached the magnificent maturity of the present moment! We can hardly turn over a page of American history,—whether we begin with the Puritan at Plymouth Rock, or with the Minute Man at Lexington, or Concord—without lighting upon subjects which appeal emphatically to the commemoration of art, and which we should all delight to see perpetuated by the pencil or the chisel.

Let me borrow the inimitable words of another in suggesting one or two such subjects by way of illustration. They are the words of old John Adams, writing to his friend Judge Tudor, in the year 1817:—

“Is your daughter, Mrs. Stewart, who I am credibly informed is one of the most accomplished of ladies, a painter? Are you acquainted with Miss Lydia Smith, who, I am also credibly informed, is one of the most accomplished ladies, and a painter? Do you know Mr. Sargent? Do you correspond with your old companion in arms, Col. John Trumbull? Do you think Fisher will be an historical painter? Whenever you shall find a painter, male or female, I pray you to suggest a scene and a subject for the pencil.

“The scene is the council chamber in the old Town House in Boston. The date is in the month of February, 1761, nine years before you entered my office in Cole Lane. As this was five years before you entered college, you must have been in the second form of Master Lovell’s school.

“That council chamber was as respectable an apartment as the House of Commons or the House of Lords in Great Britain in proportion, or that in the State House

in Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. In this chamber, round a great fire, were seated five Judges, with Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson at their head, as Chief Justice, all arrayed in their new, fresh, rich robes of scarlet English broadcloth; in their large cambric bands, and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated at a long table all the barristers of law of Boston, and of the neighboring County of Middlesex, in gowns, bands, and tie wigs. They were not seated on ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate, when the Gauls broke in upon them. In a corner of the room must be placed as a spectator and an auditor, wit, sense, imagination, genius, pathos, reason, prudence, eloquence, learning, and immense reading, hanging by the shoulders on two crutches, covered with a great cloth coat, in the person of Mr. Pratt, who had been solicited on both sides, but would engage on neither, being, as Chief Justice of New York, about to leave Boston forever. Two portraits, at more than full length, of King Charles the Second, and of King James the Second, in splendid golden frames, were hung up on the most conspicuous sides of the apartment. . . .

“One circumstance more, Samuel Quincy and John Adams had been admitted barristers at that term. John was the youngest (and here he is speaking of himself); he should be painted looking like a short thick Archbishop of Canterbury, seated at the table with a pen in his hand, lost in admiration, now and then minuting those poor notes which your pupil, Judge Minot, has printed in his history. . . .

“I have given you a sketch of the stage and the scenery. . . . Now for the actors and performers. Mr. Gridley argued with his characteristic learning, ingenuity, and dignity, and said everything that could be said in favor of Cockle’s Petition. . . . Mr. Thacher followed him on the other side, and argued with the softness of manners, the ingenuity and cool reasoning, which were remarkable in his amiable character. But Otis was a flame of fire! with a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away everything before him. American Independence was then and there born; the seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sown, to defend the vigorous youth, the *non sine Diis animosus infans*. Every man of a crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, namely, in 1776, he grew up to manhood, and declared himself free.”

What a picture is this to have been left so long unpainted and even unattempted! The materials still exist. The old building is still standing in State Street, and the portraits of the principal actors are still within reach. Since I first sketched this address, James Otis himself has taken his station in breathing marble at Mount Auburn, from the hands of the lamented Crawford,—

“ A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

But the picture of the scene which made James Otis famous forever still waits for the coming artist of America.

Let me give you another scene from the same glowing pen, writing to the same friend a fortnight afterwards:—

“Since our National Legislature have established a national painter, (says he, referring to Col. Trumbull,) a wise measure, for which I thank them, my imagination runs upon the art, and has already painted I know not how many historical pictures. I have sent you one; give me leave to send another. The bloody rencounter between the citizens and the soldiers, on the 5th of March, 1770, produced a tremendous sensation throughout the town and country. The people assembled first at Faneuil Hall, and adjourned to the Old South Church, to the number, as was conjectured, of ten or twelve thousand men, among whom were the most virtuous, substantial, independent, disinterested, and intelligent citizens. . . . A remonstrance to the governor, or the governor and council, was ordained, and a demand that the regular troops should be removed from the town. A committee was appointed to present this remonstrance, of which Samuel Adams was the chairman.

“Now for the picture. The theatre and the scenery are the same with those at the discussion of writs of assistance. The same glorious portraits of King Charles II. and King James II., to which might be added, and should be added, little miserable likenesses of Gov. Winthrop, Gov. Bradstreet, Gov. Endicott, and Gov. Belcher,

hung up in obscure corners of the room. Lt. Gov. Hutchinson, in the absence of the governor, must be placed at the head of the council table ; Lt. Col. Dalrymple, commander-in-chief of his majesty's military forces, taking rank of all his majesty's counsellors, must be seated by the side of the lieutenant-governor and commander-in-chief of the province. Eight and twenty counsellors must be painted, all seated at the council board. Let me see—what costume ? What was the fashion of that day, in the month of March ? Large white wigs, English scarlet cloth cloaks, some of them with gold-laced hats, not on their heads, indeed, in so august a presence, but on the table before them, or under the table beneath them. Before these illustrious personages appeared Samuel Adams, a member of the House of Representatives and their clerk, now at the head of the committee of the great assembly at the Old South Church. . . . He represented the state of the town and the country ; the dangerous, ruinous, and fatal effects of standing armies in populous cities in time of peace, and the determined resolution of the public, that the regular troops, at all events, should be removed from the town. . . . The heads of Hutchinson and Dalrymple were laid together in whispers for a long time ; when the whispering ceased, a long and solemn pause ensued, extremely painful to an impatient, expecting audience. Hutchinson, in time, broke silence ; he had consulted with Col. Dalrymple, and the colonel had authorized him to say that he might order one regiment down to the Castle, if that would satisfy the people. With a self-recollection, a self-possession, a self-command, a presence of mind that was

admired by every man present, Samuel Adams arose with an air of dignity and majesty, of which he was sometimes capable, stretched forth his hand, though even then quivering with palsy, and with an harmonious voice and decisive tone, said, ‘If the Lieutenant-Governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two, and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops, will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the province.’

“These few words thrilled through the veins of every man in the audience, and produced the great result. After a little awkward hesitation, it was agreed that the town should be evacuated, and both regiments sent to the Castle. . . . The painter should seize upon the critical moment, when Samuel Adams stretched out his arm and made his last speech. It will be as difficult to do justice to as to paint an Apollo; and the transaction deserves to be painted as much as the Surrender of Burgoyne. Whether any artist will ever attempt it, I know not.”

But we, in this day, know that the artist will come, is coming, must come, who will attempt it, and will succeed in the attempt.

One more scene from the same source: “You inquire, in your kind letter of the 19th, (wrote John Adams to William Plumer, March 28, 1813,) whether ‘every member of Congress did, on the 4th of July, 1776, in fact, cordially approve of the Declaration of Independence.’ They who were then members all signed it, and, as I could not see their hearts, it would be hard

for me to say that they did not approve it ; but, as far as I could penetrate the intricate, internal foldings of their souls, I then believed, and have not since altered my opinion, that there were several who signed with regret, and several others with many doubts and much lukewarmness. The measure had been upon the carpet for months, and obstinately opposed from day to day. Majorities were constantly against it. For many days the majority depended upon Mr. Hewes, of North Carolina.¹ While a member one day was speaking, and reading documents from all the colonies, to prove that the public opinion, the general sense of all, was in favor of the measure, when he came to North Carolina, and produced letters and public proceedings which demonstrated that the majority of that colony were in favor of it, Mr. Hewes, who had hitherto constantly voted against it, started suddenly upright, and lifting up both his hands to Heaven, as if he had been in a trance, cried out, ‘ It is done, and I will abide by it ! ’ I would give more for a perfect painting of the terror and horror upon the faces of the old majority, at that critical moment, than for the best piece of Raphael.”

So said John Adams, and so say we all. That is a picture for the Old North State, and one which would do more than all her Mecklenburgh pretensions, be they ever so well founded, to identify her with that glorious Declaration, of which Adams himself was the Colossus on the floor of Congress.

¹ Joseph Hewes, a native of New Jersey, and a Quaker by education, but of whom it is said that when the Quakers put forth a testimony against the proceedings of Congress in 1775, he withdrew from their communion.

Certainly, my friends, no more graphic and inspiring libretto for a great work of art was ever composed, than may be found in these familiar letters of old John Adams. Too many of our American artists seem to think that there is nothing worthy of their notice on their own soil, that the first secret of all success is to expatriate themselves,—to go abroad and stay abroad to study the great models of Greece and Rome. Rogers, the poet, who knew what Italy is, and who has so helped us all to know it, and whose walls were covered with so many gems of the old masters, once told me that in his judgment nobody need go twenty miles out of London to see as fine works of art as the world afforded, referring particularly to the Elgin marbles in the British Museum and the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. But it is not too late for American artists to learn that they need not go twenty miles out of Boston to find as good subjects, certainly, as the world can afford ; that it may be as well for some of them, at least, to stay at home, or certainly to return home, and to study the history of their own land. They will find models and characters there, which can be but poorly supplied by the false gods and fabulous heroes of an idolatrous antiquity. And there will be no danger that their statues will go down to decorate the hall of Neptune or the caves of the mermaids, as those of Webster and of John Adams himself did, not long ago. There is no consideration which affords me more satisfaction in performing this humble labor of love for the artists of Boston, than that it is for the advancement of their patriotic purpose of securing an equestrian statue of Washington, designed and moulded by a native artist,

and cast by native mechanics, and wholly to be completed, like yonder Franklin, on our own soil.

I cannot forget that a scene was witnessed at Washington, a little more than eleven years ago, which will one day or other furnish the subject of another of our great historical pictures. The Representatives of the people are assembled in the Hall which has so recently been abandoned. The customary acknowledgment of the God of nations has been made, and his blessing invoked on the day's labors and duties. The Speaker has assumed the chair, and the clerk has just finished the reading of the journal. A venerable figure is seen rising to address the House. Associated with the longest and most varied public service, commencing under the Presidency of Washington, and by no means ending,—rather beginning again,—at the close of his own Presidency; associated, too, with the purest integrity and the highest ability and accomplishments;—all eyes are riveted upon that figure as it rises. A paper is seen in the outstretched hand. A voice is heard, in broken accents, from those aged lips, trembling, but not with fear. But hand, voice, figure are at once perceived to be sinking under the effort. Affectionate colleagues, skilful physicians, and friends from his own State and from other States, hasten to his support. The still-breathing form is borne out into the rotundo, followed in silence by a House impatient of any prescribed ceremonies of adjournment. Illustrious Senators meet them from the other wing of the capitol. The birthday of Washington intervenes, and Providence still averts a blow which might associate that day with anything but the gladness and gratitude which must ever

belong to it. In the Speaker's private room the last struggle is witnessed, not many days after, and the noblest hearts of South Carolina and Virginia are soon found mingling their sympathies with those of Massachusetts, over one whose enviable privilege it was to fall in the discharge of his duties, and to die beneath the very roof of the Capitol! Can any American painter desire a grander subject for his pencil? One would have thought that it would have been seized upon ere now, before the traditions of that scene should have grown fainter, and the living witnesses of it fewer. An American painter, as we are proud to remember, (the father of the venerable Lord Lyndhurst,) won his richest reputation by immortalizing a kindred theme. But the death of Chatham was not more august than that of John Quincy Adams. The men who surrounded Chatham, though decked in ermine and decorated with orders, were not more worthy of illustration than our own Clays and Calhouns and Berriens and Bentons and Websters, all of whom would be included in such a group.

But not New England history or New England men alone have furnished materials for historical commemoration. In singling out the Adamses as at once the suggesters and the subjects of American art, we have literally but commenced with the first letter of the Alphabet of Patriotism. We might follow down that Alphabet, letter competing with letter, to its very close,—as far down as W, certainly, the initial not only of our Webster, but of a name above every name in the annals of human liberty,—and find scarce a consonant or a vowel without its corresponding and manifold title to commem-

oration. Every colony, every State, every county, every city, almost every village, has its great names and its glorious associations. And I need not say, that there are some names and some associations which belong everywhere,—which are the property of nothing less than the whole nation, and the commemoration of which can never be confined to any territorial localities, nor exhausted by any number of repetitions.

As I passed along the streets of Baltimore, a few days since, I saw in a niche constructed for the purpose, on the front of a new and noble store, a really beautiful full length statue of Washington, in pure white marble, recently erected by a successful trader of that city, wholly at his own expense, and executed among the latest works of the accomplished and lamented Bartholomew. The “Monumental City” has long had a statue of Washington, surmounting a magnificent column, of which it may well be proud;—but nobody in Baltimore dreams that there can be too many Washingtons.

I commenced this Address, my friends, with a memorable saying of a distinguished British statesman in his dialogue with Quincy. Let me conclude it by a no less memorable and far more discriminating utterance from a young and gallant French soldier,—the Marquis de Chastellux,—who served so bravely with our army of Independence for two years,—a grandson of the great Chancellor D’Aguesseau,—to whom Washington paid the tribute, so unusual with him, of saying in a letter of farewell, “I can truly say, that never in my life have I parted with a man, to whom my soul clave more sincerely than it did to you,”—to whom he paid the still more

unusual and unique tribute of writing a humorous letter to him on occasion of his marriage six years afterwards. I wish I had time to make a parenthesis here and read you a part of this letter; a very funny one it is, and exhibits Washington most gracefully and felicitously unbending from his constitutional and habitual gravity;—but you will find it in the admirable collection of Dr. Sparks.

This gallant soldier of France, as you may all remember, wrote an account of his travels in America, which has been published both in French and in English in two octavo volumes. In one of these volumes, he included, also, a letter of his own, addressed “To Mr. Madison, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Williamsburgh,” (Virginia,) a friend and near relative, I believe, of the illustrious James Madison. The letter was dated on board the Frigate L’Emeraude, in the Bay of Chesapeake, on the 12th of January, 1783, and contained the following remarkable, and I had almost said exquisite, passage:—

“Henceforward, Sir, let us enlarge our views; the Fine Arts *are* adapted to America: They have already made some progress there, they will eventually make much greater; no obstacle, no reasonable objection can stop them in their career; these are points at least on which we are agreed. Let us now see to what purposes they may be converted by the public, the State, and the government. Here a vast field opens to our speculation, but as it is exposed to every eye, I shall fix mine on the object with which it has been most forcibly struck. Recollect, Sir, what I have said above, relative to officers

and public dignities. I have remarked that a jealousy, possibly well founded in itself, but pushed to the extreme, had made honors too rare, and rewards too moderate amongst you. Call in the Fine Arts to the aid of a timid legislation; the latter confers neither rank, nor permanent distinction; let her bestow statues, monuments, and medals. Astonished Europe, in admiring a Washington, a Warren, a Green, and a Montgomery, demands what recompense can repay their services; behold that recompense, worthy of them and of you. Let all the great towns in America present statues of Washington with this inscription:—PATER, LIBERATOR, DEFENSOR PATRIÆ; let us see, also, those of Hancock and of Adams, with only two words, *Primi Proscripti*; that of Franklin, with the Latin verse inscribed in France below his portrait—(*Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*).—What glory would not this reflect upon America! It would be found that she has already more heroes than she could procure marble and artists,—and your public Halls, your *Curia*, why should they not offer in *relief* and paintings, the battles of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Trenton, of Princeton, of Monmouth, of Cowpens, of Eutaw Springs. Thus would you perpetuate the memory of these glorious deeds; thus would you maintain even through a long peace, that national pride, so necessary to the preservation of liberty; and you might, without alarming even that liberty, lavish rewards equal to the sacrifices she has received.”

The gallant Marquis did not live to see any part of his suggestion accomplished. Our country was not in a condition, at that period of its history, to spare any of its

time or its means for the commemoration of its heroes or patriots. Boston did, indeed, as early as 1790, set up on Beacon Hill a simple Doric column, surmounted by our then newly adopted national emblem—the Eagle—in commemoration of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and of the great Revolutionary events by which it was preceded. But Beacon Hill itself was long ago removed into the midst of the sea, and the shaft reduced to its original elements of brick and stone. The old tablets, however, are still to be seen in the Doric Hall of the State House, and I have sometimes wished that the whole column might be set up again, in its primal proportions and simplicity, peering above trees and flagstaff, on the highest elevation of Boston Common, with the original tablets in its pedestal.

But the memorials of that day were few and economical. Nor can I regret that such honors were not awarded to living men, however illustrious. It is time enough for such distinctions, when death has closed the account and set his seal upon the record, and when the judgment of posterity has confirmed the impressions and ratified the decrees of contemporaries. It is rash to accept the applauses of the hour for the verdict of history. It is dangerous to pronounce upon the ultimate merits of a whole life, from the brilliancy of its opening, or even from the steadier lustre of its middle passages. Had their daring and chivalrous exploits during the early stages of the Revolution been crowned with such rewards, Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr would have had statues in all our streets,—to be hurled from their pedestals long before this time,—dashed into pieces and crumbled

into powder beneath the feet of a betrayed and outraged people!

But there is no longer any fear in commemorating, by suitable and proportionate monuments, the truly great men of the Colonial or of the Revolutionary period. Their fame is beyond the reach of accident, and their forms may well be seen decorating our halls and squares. The work has been auspiciously commenced. The wish of the Marquis de Chastellux is in process of being accomplished. The great chapters of our history may be read on the walls of our National Capitol, and even his own portrait is not wanting to at least one of the groups. Franklin may be seen, in marble or in bronze, in the cities of his burial and of his birth. Warren is on Bunker Hill. James Otis is at Mount Auburn, and Adams will soon be there with him. While there is scarce a city in our land, in which the peerless presence of the transcendent Washington—*Pater, Liberator, Defensor Patriæ*—may not be hailed upon the canvas or in sculpture. The exquisite portrait statue by Houdon came first, and nothing will ever surpass, or equal it, in interest or in beauty. But the ancient and illustrious State of Virginia has now worthily set the example of a more elaborate and composite memorial,—no huge unmeaning pile of stone, exhibiting nothing but the fidelity of the commonest mechanic art,—no grotesque combination of allegorical and exaggerated shapes,—but a glorious group of her own sainted sons, Henry and Jefferson, Nelson and Lee, Mason and Marshall, as they stood proudly and loyally and lovingly in life, clustering around him who was ever above them all, and challenging, alike for him and for themselves, the affectionate

remembrance of a grateful posterity! Coming from the hands of an American artist of the highest genius, and whose early loss the country and the world have not yet ceased to deplore,—it has every title to the admiration of all who shall be privileged to behold it. I have just returned from seeing it for the first time, and no one can leave it without the reflection, that the great mission of American Art has here at least been successfully exemplified—to adorn the State, to exalt the Commonwealth, to illustrate its history, and to perpetuate, for the admiration and emulation of mankind, the memories of those matchless men, by whom the union and liberty and independence of our country were so nobly established and defended.

And now the artists of Boston,—incited by the spirited and admirable design of a most meritorious brother artist,—have appealed to us to aid them in placing Massachusetts by the side of Virginia in this precise mode of commemorating the Father of his Country. I rejoice that our native artists have thus spoken out, unitedly and earnestly, for themselves, and I trust and believe that their appeal will meet with a cordial and generous response. I do not forget that other and excellent designs for a similar work have recently been produced,—one by Mr. Ball Hughes, who has so long resided in our neighborhood, and another by our own Richard Greenough, lately residing in Paris, and just returned to his native country. I trust that both of them will be called for and cast, somewhere or other, at no distant day. Philadelphia cannot do better than adopt one of them; while the other may well be taken, in due time, to decorate

those consecrated grounds at Mount Vernon, which the efforts of American ladies, aided and inspired by the eloquence of our incomparable Everett, will soon have redeemed from all proprietorship less comprehensive than that of the whole people of the Union.

Yet, my friends, the end of my Address must not forget its beginning. We may go too far, we may go too fast, in these memorials. We may exhaust upon single works and single subjects all that art can rightfully claim from a whole generation. We may bestow upon monuments and memorials that which is wanted, that which is needed, for the relief of the destitute, for the education of the young, or for the institutions of religion and the worship of God. We must not forget that the soul of the humblest living man is of more worth, than the dust of the mightiest dead that ever trod the ways of glory or sounded all the depths and shoals of honor. State Statues, merely, will not sustain and shore up these cherished institutions of freedom. Graven images, even of our most saintly heroes, are but a poor substitute for the worship of that Almighty Being to whom we owe it, that our horse and his rider, instead of being thrown into the sea like those of Egypt of old, have become associated forever with the most glorious triumphs of Liberty. We must not rob our charities, or starve our churches, to decorate our squares or even to magnify our benefactors,—and fortunate, fortunate is it, when both objects can be worthily blended, as in the Memorial Church of the Puritans in London, for which an eloquent English voice is at this moment pleading among us. But no such considerations are involved in this design. It is one which contemplates no

extravagant or disproportionate outlay. A single Fair, in this very Hall,—like that which finished the monument on Bunker Hill, or endowed the Asylum for the Blind, or relieved the treasury of the Boston Provident Association at a moment of its utmost need, or more recently assured the erection of a Hospital for Incurables, under the auspices of ladies like those I see before me,—will accomplish the entire work. And it will be accomplished. The artists and the lovers of art, in our city, have pronounced the imperative decree, that this admirable design of Washington,—as he mounted his charger under the Old Cambridge elm on the 3d of July, 1775, to take command, for the first time, of an American army for the relief of Boston,—or as he stood on yonder heights and witnessed his first great victory, while the British fleet and the British forces sailed out of our harbor on the 17th of March, 1776,—or as he reined up in yonder street to receive the homage of every true Boston heart, as First President of the United States, on the 24th day of October, 1789,—that this design shall no longer remain in precarious, perishable plaster, but shall assume a form as durable as our gratitude or his own fame. And to that decree, as well as to this Address, I feel assured that all who hear me will give a hearty and unanimous Amen!

APPENDIX.

RESOLVED, that this Committee gratefully acknowledge the generosity of the Honorable ROBERT C. WINTHROP, in complying with their invitation to deliver his admirable address upon "The Fine Arts and their relation to Historical Monuments," in aid of the erection in Boston of Ball's Equestrian Statue of Washington, and that they return to him their sincere thanks for his service, with the assurance, that among the pleasing associations which will accompany the undertaking, none will be more encouraging than the interest which he so promptly and so acceptably manifested.

THOMAS RUSSELL.	ALEX. H. RICE.
BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY.	F. H. UNDERWOOD.
JOHN D. W. JOY.	GEO. H. CHICKERING.
WARREN SAWYER,	S. E. GUILD.
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